

CCXLVI.

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The Acting Edition.

A

LOVER BY PROXY

A BURLETTA, IN ONE ACT.

BY DION BOUCICAULT, ESQ.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Original, Haymarket, London, 1842.</i>	<i>Tremont, Boston, 1843.</i>	<i>Broadway, New York, 1853.</i>	<i>National, Boston, 1856.</i>	<i>Boston Museum, 1856.</i>
HARRY LAWLESS,	Mr. Webster.	Mr. J. M. Field.	Mr. Henry Farren.	Mr. H. Farren.	Mr. E. F. Keach.
BROMLEY,	" Tilbury.	" G. Howard.	" Whiting.	" M. Parker.	" T. Joyce.
BLUSHINGTON,	" Howe.	" W. Chapman.	" Grovesnor.	" Straham.	" H. L. Bascom.
SQUIB,	" Clark.	" T. Knaggs.	" T. Seymore.	" G. Pardey.	" J. H. Ring.
NIBBS,	" Widdicombe.		" Cutter.	" Taylor.	" F. Whitman.
SERVANT,	" Bishop.				" Delano.
MISS PRUDE,	Mrs. W. Clifford.	Mrs. John Gilbert.	Mrs. Henry.	Mrs. Archbold.	Mrs. J. R. Vincent.
KATE,	Miss Charles.	" F. Webster.	Miss L. Howard.	Miss Mary Hill.	" Rainforth.
HARRIET,	" C. Connors.	Miss Parker.	Mrs. Nagle.	" Francis.	Miss Fredericks.
MAID,	" Gordon.	Mrs. S. D. Johnson	Miss Barnard.	" Mullen.	" Mason.

Time in representation,—55 minutes.

COSTUMES.

HARRY.—Blue trowsers; white waistcoat, and drab trowsers; a drab coat and black hat to dirty.
 BROMLEY.—Dark blue coat, gilt buttons; puce-colored serge great coat, and old hat to dirty; black breeches.
 BLUSHINGTON.—A dressing gown; a white night cap, and a modern suit.
 SQUIB.—White Breeches; top boots; striped waistcoat; dark mixture frock coat; scarlet cuffs and collar, trimmed with silver.
 NIBBS.—Green frock coat; white cord breeches, and striped waistcoat.
 SERVANT.—Brown livery coat; flowered waistcoat, and black breeches.
 MISS PRUDE.—A rose colored silk dress.
 KATE.—A white silk dress.
 HARRIET.—A white muslin dress.
 MAID.—A colored gown; cap, apron, &c.

A LOVER BY PROXY.

SCENE I.—*Chambers in the Temple* 3. G.—C. D. practical, backed by plain chamber—set door 2. E. L. H.—the room is in great confusion, 4 chairs overturned—supper table on R. C., with its cloth awry, strewn with the remains of the previous night's repast—ruins of lobsters, fowls, empty champagne bottles, &c. &c.—law books—a law almanack, &c., against the walls—cabinet L. F. door practical, in it, decantors and glasses—bell pulls on R. & L. 1st wing—window in flit, R. H.—sofa on L. H.

Enter NIBBS,—door, 2. E. L. H. with a tray containing breakfast.

Nib. [*Looking round.*] My master had a few friends last night—all young barristers, like himself. As yesterday was the fifth anniversary of his first and only brief, they assembled to commemorate the day—they drank enough punch to float the bench of judges, and smoked more cigars than all they will ever make by the law will pay for. [*Lays the breakfast, puts the chairs in their places, and the fragments of lobsters on the tray—bell rings, C. D. L. H.*] Ay, there goes his bell—here is half-past twelve o'clock—I wish master would get a housemaid,—why here am I at six pounds a year—his cook—his valet—his errand boy—his clerk—his barber—his tiger—his slave—his—

Blush. [*Putting his head out of his bed-room door, in flat C. with his nightcap on.*] NIBBS!

Nib. Sir.

Blu. Some soda water.

Nib. 'Tis on your dressing table, sir.

Blu. Nibbs, who has been at my razors?

Nib. Mr. Lawless, he cut open the champagne corks with them last night.

Blu. Nibbs?

Nib. Sir.

Blu. Nothing.

Nib. Very well, sir.

[BLUSH takes his head in.]

[SQUIB is heard to whistle "Jolly nose," without, L. H. 1. E. Oh, here comes Mr. Squib. Mr. Lawless's tiger—ah, a fine place he has of it—nothing to do, and lots of time to do it in.]

(A knock is heard at door L. H. 1. E.)

Come in.

Squ. [*Popping in his head L. H. 1. E.*—sings "Jolly Nose!" [*Enters D. L. H. 2. E.*] Hollo! my Nibbs—vere's your guv'nor.

Nib. He will be here directly.

Squ. So will mine—I've just stepped across from Pump Court to Inner Temple, to say so. How wery tired I am.

Nib. Can I offer you anything?

Squ. Thank'ye I will—I've had nothing this morning, so I just want to take the taste out of my mouth.

Nib. [*Opening cabinet door L. H. flat, and drawing out a decanter, brings down two glasses, a liqueur glass and a large one.*] I'm very sorry, but I can't find but one liqueur glass in the room; as you are a stranger I relinquish that to you.

Squ. Oh, I ain't proud—I'll take the big un (*pouring out a glass-full*) here's luck! (*drinks*) um! (*smacking his lips.*) Tidy, werry tidy.

Nib. Master's very best.

Squ. Do you know, my Nibbs, that I must really discharge my master?

Nib. Nonsense, what for?

Squ. Low 'abbits—(*drinks*) shockin low, wulgar—sir. Why, for the last month, he has kept me a running round the town in pursuit of what do you think—why a brown satin shoe.

Nib. What for?

Squ. He's a ravin' about it all day long, sir; he caught sight of one getting into a four-wheeled chay, yesterday—so off I was started for a three-mile heat, to keep up with a nineteen hand raw-boned screw! 'Taint to be borne, my Nibbs—'taint to be——

Enter BLUSHINGTON. C. D.

Nib. Hush! (*L. H. Hides decanter and glass behind him, then backs up to cabinet and replaces them*)

Squ. [*Jumping up.*] Morning, sir! [*Hiding his glass in his pocket.*] Just step in to say my master, Mr. Lawless, will be here directly.

Blu. [*c*] Very well. Nibbs, pick out that odd volume of Knox on the Soul, and direct it for Miss Bromley.

Nib. 'Shall be done sir. [*A loud knock heard L. H. 1. E.*]

Squ. [*R. H.*] There's my master.

Blu. Has he breakfasted? [*Another loud knock. L. H. 1. E.*]

Squ. Don't stop Nibbs or he'll have the knocker-panel in soon.
(*A louder knock L. H. 1. E.*)

Blu. Why don't you go?

Nib. I can't find the odd volume of Knox on the soul.

Squ. You will find an odd volume of knocks on the head down stairs if you are not quick. (*A very loud knock, L. H. 1. E.*) I'll be off myself.

Frit, D. L. H. 2 E.

Blu. Pray make more haste, d'ye hear me, Nibbs!

Nib. I'm going, sir.

[*He is going out D. L. H. 2 E. with the books and tray when HARRY LAWLESS rushes in, knocks him down, jumps over him to BLUSHING.*]

Enter SQUIB, D. L. H. 2 E, who helps NIBBS to pick up the things.

Law. Peter, my boy, how are you, will you do me a favour?

Blu. Certainly.

Squ. (*to Nibbs.*) Look out.

Law. Just let me kick that chap of yours out of the window.—(*Nibbs rushes out. D. L. H. 2 E.*) Oh! he's off—lucky for him—you spoil him, Peter,

Blu. But if he would not go faster—

Law. Let me have him for a week; I'd give him a new motive

power—the rascal looks as if he lived on cane-bottom chairs and soporifics. Observe, Squib, there's a picture—what a face—like a second hand anvil, you might peg away at it for half an hour and only split your knuckles—small eye—black habit—long chin—sharp nature! Mouth, minus two teeth—(*spars*)—fancy! Legs, a pair of parenthesis—no, infernal ramrod stuck in a brick. Then, his body balanced on the top like a stick of sealing wax on a carefully selected merry-thought.

Blu. I appreciate all his good qualities.

Lw. You don't—you can't: I can't—how can you?

(*Enter NIBBS with the urn, very fearfully, D. L. H. 2 E.*)

In fact nobody can for even—(*Sees NIBBS and jumps over chair at him NIBBS puts down the urn and rushes off D. L. H. 2 E.*) No matter, you'll keep—SQUIB, urn to table; (*SQUIB puts it on very briskly.*) Breakfast. SQUIB *lays it.*) Paper. (*SQUIB throws it to him, LAWLESS catches it.*) Hat and whip. (*SQUIB catches them, to BLUSHINGTON*) Anything else?

Blu. (*With astonishment*) No.

Lw. Vanish! (*He throws the gloves at SQUIB, who catches them in the hat, salutes, and exit L. H. 1 E.*)

Blu. Ha, ha! 'pon my honor, Harry, you are an odd fellow.

Lw. Not at all, my boy; but as the chap in the comedy says, "I like to push along and keep moving."

Blu. How do you manage to drill your fellows so well?

Lw. Have you breakfasted?

Blu. Why?

Lw. No, you havn't. I have. Sit down (*they sit*) you eat, I'll talk—save time. Now listen to my system. He's up at six; always exercise horses, &c., till ten—he's my valet till twelve; then if it be very hot weather he gets into double-wadded horse clothes, and runs races to keep himself under jockey weight. I'd discharge any scoundrel that had the impertinence to get above eight stone ten.—At four, run about town—Tattersal's May Fair—Lady B.'s. At six in the ring, nod, smile. Who is she? White bonnet—new—just come out—pretty—good-bye; dinner at Dicks; Opera at ten; Rubini melody. Grisi, Ravissante, three balls, and a rout at twelve. Harry Lawless' trap stops the way; supper at two; finish at three—bed at four; God know's where, I'm not particular, anywhere from Bow Street to Burton Crescent, ha, ha! and there's the journal of your modern blood. But what's in the Post this morning?

Blu. [*Aside.*] By-the-bye, I think Lawless might be able to give me some useful advice in my matrimonial hopes.

Lw. (*Reads.*) Unparalleled montrosity.

Blu. Harry, I've something particular to tell you.

Lw. Um, um,—that's a lie. I'm listening—fire away old chap.

Blu. Put down the paper then.

Lw. There—there; now.

[*Lays down the Post.*]

Blu. To begin then.

Lw. Commence in the middle and I'll imagine the beginning. What is it about?

Blu. My marriage.

Lw. Give me the paper again.

Blu. Nonsense.

Law. You are right—it is—humbug—I always said so.

Blu. Now, Harry, is this friendly of you; is it kind?

Law. Ah, you villain, you know my tender points and play upon the weakness of my character. Go on.

Blu. Well, to begin then.

Law. No, damn it, fair play, you began before.

Blu. You are aware that for the last three years I have been devotedly attached to Miss Bromley.

Law. Aw—aw. (*Yawning*) Yes, yes!

Blu. In every week during that time I have determined to propose, but—but the nervous susceptibility—the bashful feeling which besets me in the society of ladies, has prevented me from ever coming to the point.

Law. Look at me, that's my failing—modesty!

Blu. Well, sir, this lady—my Harriet, the loveliest—

Law. Aw—aw—

Blu. Most bewitching.

Law. Kick me when that's over, second hand raptures always make me sleepy; or just tell me what I can do for you—do you want me to make love by proxy.

Blu. I should be very sorry.

Law. I'll propose for you, if you like?

Blu. Not for the world.

Law. It would be splendid fun,—does she love you?

Blu. I think so.

Law. Think so! man alive, did you never ask her?

Blu. Good Heavens! no.

Law. Never kissed her;

Blu. Kissed Miss Bromely! what for?

Law. That's the way I make love when I'm too modest to speak—and do you know that I find it economizes time, and heightens the amusement.

Blu. I'm thunderstruck.

Law. Try it—take my advice.

Blu. She would annihilate me with a look

Law. Oh no, she would'nt.

Blu. What would she say?

Law. Look, here's the prescription in the case of lady's heart ache; let a coat sleeve be put gently round the part affected, always taking care there's an arm in it, steal a glance up at the eyes which you will find looking down at the lips, take possession of the latter.

Blu. If she frowns?

Law. Bear it like a martyr.

Blu. If she storms?

Law. Only to make you clasp the tighter.

Blu. If she screams?

Law. Kiss away and be hanged to ye, it's your only chance.

Blu. Were she to weep.

Law. Ah, there you touch me; I'm sugar and salt against a woman's tears—it's quite cowardly of them to take to the water—that's

a navigation that puzzles the fleet—poison to your hopes, unless she should use a parenthesis, thus—“Ah, for heavens sake, *if* my Mother should come in”—ha ! mark that—all your chance packed up in a word directed, *if*.

Blu. I'm afraid your expedient would be a tonic too strong for the present state of my amatory constitution—a milder course.

Law. I have you ! the insinuating creep, the—the eh ?

Blu. Exactly—that's it.

Law. How far have you gone already ?

Blu. (*eagerly*) I have constantly waited on her.

Law. Ah, troublesome.

Blu. Opera and ball.

Law. Ah, annoying.

Blu. Admired her drawings, died in ecstasy at her music.

Law. Wrong, all wrong.

Blu. Would you not be unremitting in your attentions ?

Law. No, too much of a good thing palls on the palate, a spice of jealousy, a little condiment in the way of quarrel diversifies pleasantly—your system is erroneous and from its very postulates—name your first.

Blu. Let it be granted, that to win a woman's heart, you should minutely discover every acquirement and talent she has got, and dilate on them.

Law. Humbug ! I wouldn't take the trouble.

Blu. No !

Law. No !—praise her for acquirements she hasn't got, and take my word for it, she'll be the more gratified at your perception, and pleased to find herself more talented than she was aware of.

Blu. You seem to understand the metaphysics of the tender passion.

Law. To be candid with you, I'm in love myself.

Blu. For the hundreth time.

Law. This is a bonafide affection ; fact is, that one day about a month ago, while I was walking down Regent-street, I saw a carriage draw up at Catchpole—door opens and out comes such a foot and ancle Peter, it was an eloquent foot and ancle—I wanted no more, but followed them into the shop, bought some things I did not want, and forgot to take my change, while looking at the face ; I stuck to her all that day like a bailiff, but missed her at last, and my heart too—I've seen her frequently since, and do you know, it strikes me she is a wicked little devil and sees how I am tormented, but how-ever to return to your flame.

Blu. Exactly.

Law. Fortunate, to be able to warm yourself at a steady fire ; mine is a Will o' th' Wisp leading me to the devil.

Blu. I expect Mr. Bromly here every moment—I shall visit Richmond Villa shortly, and the first opportunity I have with Harriet, I'll take advantage of your advice.

Law. Thank ye', in the mean time I'll take advantage of a glass of your Madeira.

Blu. Certainly (*calling*) Nibbs.

Law. Peter, I'll give you thirty seconds law, and hold you two to one Squib is here first.

Blu. Done.—Ponies?

Law. Done!

Blu. (*Runs to the bell, R. H. 1st wing, rings it violently, and pulls it down—runs to the other, L. H. 1st wing, and rings it till NIBBS is on*) Here, NIBBS! NIBBS! NIBBS!

Law. 5, 10, 20, 28, 30, 35, Squib! (*runs to the window R. H. F. Squib! here they come! (Enter NIBBS very slowly D. L. H. 2. E. SQUIB rushes in, D. L. H. 1. E. vaults over him and salutes)*)

Law. I'll thank you for a cool fifty.

Blu. (*shaking NIBBS*) You confounded rascal, why did you not come faster?

Nib. I was letting in Mr. Bromely.

(*BLUSHINGTON taking a pillow from the sofa (L. H.) NIBBS—runs out (L. H. 1. E.) BLUSHINGTON swings the pillow round at him, Mr. BROMLEY enters (D. L. H. 2. E.) it hits him on the head.*)

Blu. My dear sir, I beg your pardon, did I hurt you?

Mr. B. Pooh! never mind I'll give it him some other time; but you are engaged.

Blu. Harry; Mr. Bromley, permit me, this is my excellent friend Harry Lawless—Mr. Bromley—Mr. Lawless.

Law. And your most obedient. (*crosses to C.—aside*) your lady's governor.

Blu. (*Aside*) Exactly.

Law. Although quite unacquainted 'till now, except by proxy, with your amiable family, might I ask how is your lovely daughter?

Blu. (*Aside*) He has two.

Law. (*Aside*) Hold your tongue.

Mr. B. My daughters are well sir, and will feel honored by your compliments.—I have two sir.

Law. Of course but how could I couple such gems, the lovely.

Blu. (*Aside*) Harry.

Law. (*Aside and kicking at him*) Keep quiet—the lovely and amiable a—a—

Blu. (*Aside*) Kate.

Law. Kate your elder daughter.

Blu. (*Aside*) Younger.

Law. who would have been had she not been preceded by the two bewitching—a—

Blu. (*Aside*) Harriet.

Law. Harriet, (*indignantly*) yes, Harriet—I said Harriet didn't I—here's my friend Peter dilating on the—

Blu. (*Aside*) What are you about?

Law. The angelic.

Blu. Squib, some glasses.

Law. And sparkling excellent qualities.

Blu. Make haste.

Law. Of your Champagne—I—

Blu. (*Aside*) I breathe again.

Law. Hollo! what's the matter with Peter?

(SQUIB brings down a salver and two glasses.)

Blu. Another glass.

Squ. Only two in the room, sir.

Blu. Nibbs! (*Enter NIBBS, D. L. H. 2 E.*) another glass.

(*Exit NIBBS, D. L. H. 2 E.*)

Law. I'll take you double or quits on the last bet SQUIB has one first.

Blu. Done!

Law. Done!

SQUIB takes out the large wine glass which he had put in his pocket, wipes it with his coat tail, fills it and gives it to BLUSHINGTON.)

Blu. Well, coundound me, if that doesn't beat cock-fighting.

Enter NIBBS, D. L. H. 2 E.

Nib. Did you say another glass?

Law. Get out! (*runs after NIBBS to the door L. H. 2 E., throwing part of a glass of wine at him.*)

Nib. I will.

Exit, D. L. H. 2 E.

Mr. B. Ha! ha! well Blush I just stept in to ask you to spend a week with us at my villa at Richmond, I'm going down there immediately; will you accompany me?

Blu. Nothing could give me greater pleasure, but I have an appointment with my father in a couple of hours, I will follow by the omnibus.

Law. (*aside — coming down R. H.*) I must be one of the party, how shall I manage it; ah exactly; (*aloud*) but Blush you are engaged to me this morning.

Blu. (*aside*) Me—I—

Law. (*aside—crosses to c.*) Hold your tongue. (*aloud*) But however no matter, I'll call with him, he tells me your villa is a charming place, I shall be delighted to give my opinion.

Blu. (*aside*) Damn that fellows impudence.

Law. I intend to go somewhere, I shall feel happy to give his friends the preference.

Mr. B. And we will feel delighted to see you; my daughters will be glad to see you on Blushington's account.

Law. Many thanks, all right, sir. (*aside*) They'll be glad to see me on my own account.

Mr. B. Well—we shall expect you—good-bye.

Law. Are you going? my tandem is at the door, I'll be happy to take you.

Mr. B. What, that whisk of a thing, I should be afraid of my neck.

Law. Never fear, if your neck is never in greater danger than that—stay, I'll hold you three to two, sir, I'll run you down in forty minutes, without losing one inch of paint or turning a hair.

Mr. B. Done!

Law. In tens?

Mr. B. Yes.

Law. Done!

Mr. B. You promise not to break my neck?

Law. Double or quits I don't do that—adieu Peter—come Squib (*SQUIB opens the door.*) 'tis one minute to the quarter.

Blu. Let me entreat, Lawless.

Law. Push along—yo, ho!

Blu. Listen, my dear Mr. Bromley—(*Exeunt LAWLESS and BROMLEY, L. H. 1 E.*)—he upset me in Piccadilly last week on the very same bet, but contrived to pocket the wager—I'll go and ensure his life.

(*Exit, L. H. 1 E*)

SCENE II.—1 G. — *A view of the grounds surrounding Mr. BROMLEY'S Villa at Richmond.*

Enter MISS PENELOPE PRUDE, dressed for walking, parasol, &c. 1 E. R. H.

Miss P. Kate, do you hear, get down this instant, I insist, that girl will be the death of me—there she is mounted on a garden chair, and peeping over the wall at some soldier-men—why Kate, (*enter KATE BROMLEY, R. H. 1 E. looking off.*) Kate, I consider your flighty conduct highly improper.

Kate. (*R.*) Law, aunt, I was only laughing at those officers in that funny gig.

Miss P. Did you ever see me laugh at officers in a gig?

Kate. I'm sure they were very polite—one pulled up, while the other took his hat off.

Miss P. And you nodded to them.

Kate. No I didn't—I shook my head at them.

Miss P. Great attention you were paying to my conversation, Miss.

Kate. Yes, but you have told me the story of Captain McSwindle trying to elope with you, so often.

Miss P. Ah, you have never been in love.

Kate. Oh, I beg your pardon, I am at this moment.

Miss P. How highly improper—with whom?

Kate. But, you must remember that elegant rattling young fellow that follows us about town so often?

Miss P. Why now is it possible, out of the thousands of elegant young men who pay me marked attention I could pick one, my dear Kate—consider?

Kate. Oh, no, you mistake—it was *me*.

Miss P. You—how highly improper.

Kate. Saw him at the Jeweler's—kept his eyes fixed on my face, when he was asked what he wanted, said “a brown satin shoe and the sweetest ancle in Great Britain.”

Miss P. Ah, you have not learned the full value of single blessedness—you will never understand the sweetness of liberty till you have lost it. Go and read as I have done—Zimmerman on Solitude.

Kate. I've not done Campbell's Pleasures of Hope yet.

(*A crash is heard outside, L. H. 1 E., and shouts of “stop him!”*)

Miss P. Dear me, what's that?

Kate. 'Tis papa's voice.

Miss P. He's killed, I know he is.

Kate. Here he comes.

Enter Mr. BROMLEY, l. E. L. H. his hat smushed—coat all over mud, followed by servant.

Mr. B. Escaped by a miracle—it was perfect madness to try to pass that wagon.

Kate. My dear papa, are you hurt?

Miss P. Tell me brother—speak, are you killed—are you no more?

Mr. B. No, you stupid old fool, I'm not.

Miss P. You are a brute. *(goes up.)*

Mr. B. There, James, take those things away, and get me my dressing gown.

Kate. How did it happen?

Kate. Oh, gracious! catch me, aunt.

Miss P. *(Comes down R.)* My love.

Kate. 'Tis he—

Miss P. He! who?

Kate. The—the town—shadow—

Miss P. How highly improper.

Enter Mr. LAWLESS, l. E. L. H. in an awful state, much worse than Mr. BROMLEY.

Mr. B. Are you hurt?

Law. All right—not a scratch—push on.

Mr. B. What detained you?

Law. Only stopped to pick myself up, and polish off that infernal wagoner.

Mr. B. What that York Hercules?

Law. He might have been, or a Kent Jupiter for all I know; I gave him a lecture on logic.

Mr. B. How so?

Law. Exemplified Locke's theory that "knowledge is power"—extracted his eye-tooth with one of my pet taps.

Mr. B. You astound me.

Law. Hold up your hands and I'll show you—look—just so. *(spars at BROMLEY.)*

Mr. B. No, no! thank you, I'm quite convinced.

Law. I astonished his limited capabilities.

Enter SQUIB, His hat also smashed and covered with mud l. E. l. H. with Lawless' coat very dilapidated.

Law. Horses hurt?

Squ. Blueskin touched on the off shoulder, and Jolly Nose sprung in the fetlock.

Law. How's the trap,

Squ. Axle gone, and two panels out, sir.

Miss P. Oh!

Law. Coat. *(Seeing the ladies.)* Oh, I beg pardon. *(Aside)* Who's old deadly night shade, with the blue parachute.

Mr. B. My sister, sir, Miss Penelope Prude.

Law. Oh, I beg pardon—didn't know—*(aside)*—rather curds and whey though—unclaimed parcel in Hymen's coach office, to be left till called for.

Mr. B. My daughter Kate, Mr. Harry Lawless.

Law. Eh! what! my little unknown. Ho! ho!

Kate. He recognizes me.

Law. (*Crosses to Kate.*) The unexpected pleasure to meet such combined beauty—I am sure I never—did you, governor—no, you never—charming spot—cottage once peeping through the trees—old father Thames in the distance, rolling his silver locks so lazily along, puts me in mind of Eton—slap-up place, Eton. Did you go there—no!—oh, I forgot don't take girls in—pity. I'm transported—this is—well allow me—ah—um—

(*Offers his arm—KATE and he go up conversing.*)

Miss P. Sam, I'm not too well pleased with your new acquaintance.

Mr. B. He is a friend of Blushington's.

Miss P. Brother, he may be a swindler—in fact, he looks highly improper; see how Kate encourages him—he takes her hand—she gives him the other.

Mr. B. Well, in the mean time give me some dinner; that upset has made me monstrous hungry.

Miss P. Kate, do you hear—Kate, I say!

Kate. Well aunt?

Miss P. If Mr. Lawless will permit you, I think it is high time to dress for dinner, and after that we'll finish our game of cribbage.

Law. Allow me to suggest she's playing cribbage here!

(*Placing his hand on his heart.*)

Miss P. Come, Kate.

(*Crosses to R.*)

Kate. (*Aside*) Spiteful old wretch!

(*Following her.*)

Miss P. Perhaps you will give my niece her reticule and parasol.

Law. Oh, certainly. (*Aside*) Damned annoying!

Opens the parasol and manœuvres it so as to get it between them and Miss PRUDE—kisses KATE'S hand. Exeunt KATE and Miss PRUDE, l. E. R. H.

Law. (L.) 'Pon my life, Bromley, your daughter is the loveliest creature I ever saw!

Mr. B. She's a good, affectionate creature!

Law. That will save trouble.

Mr. B. But come, the dinner must be ready by this time!

Law. Yes, but the wager—the wager, old fellow! Twenty pounds—fairly done in thirty-nine minutes and a quarter, and stopt to pay the turnpikes out of compliment to you; a thing I never did before—did I, Squib?

Squ. Never! (*With horror.*)

Mr. B. Yes, but you upset me!

Law. I never said I wouldn't. Come, fair play!—I'll give you revenge.

Mr. B. How so?

Law. I'll drive you back again, to-morrow, in forty-five minutes—there!

Mr. B. No, no!

Law. Can't I tempt you? Ha! ha!—I'll drive the horse, and you shall post the pony!

(*Exeunt, L. H. l. E.*)

SCENE III.—3 & 4. G.—*A drawing-room in Mr. BROMLEY'S Villa—large lattice doors in the centre, opening on a lawn—fire place with screen before it, R. H. 2. E. — sofa on L. H. — KATE BROMLEY and MISS PENELOPE PRUDE are seated playing at cribbage, at table on R. C. — arm chair on R. H. — 4 chairs on.*

Kate. Papa and Mr. Lawless are a very long time over their wine, how odd that he should find me out after all—he to'd me at dinner all the dances I had led him about town—ay that's something like love—not like Peter Blushington and my sister Harriet, who have been love-making three years—ha! ha! fancy a man coming to court in an omnibus—Mr. Lawless declares, between him and his tiger, in pursuit of me, he has rendered himself eligible for the Traveller's Club—then, his wit too—I'd give a million for his head alone.

Miss P. (*Marking*) And two for his heels—mind your game, do.

Kate. Pray aunt how tall do you think he is?

Miss P. (*Marking*) Fifteen two, fifteen four, and a pair is six.

Kate. What do you think he said to me just now, he said—

Miss P. Is it a go—that's seven—mark your game, Kate.

Kate. He said with the softest smile, Miss Bromley, said he——

Miss P. Don't move your hindpeg (*Kate throws down her cards*) good gracious Kate, what are you about? you have thrown away your hand without pegging it.

Kate. (*Rising*) My dear aunt, I'm afraid I've thrown away my heart without pegging it, and that is worse.

Miss P. (*Rising*) Ah! my love, you must learn more respect for the name you bear, than to catch at every butterfly that flits before you.

Kate. Well, now I've so little respect for *my* name, that I don't care how soon I change it.

Miss P. Why don't you take example by your sister Harriet; now she's a picture of propriety.

Kate. Yes, and here she comes in a sulky frame—ha! ha! (*Enter HARRIET BROMLEY, 1 E. L.*) what's the matter, propriety?

Har. You may well ask—why that gentleman whom my father brought down to dine, is an escaped lunatic.

Kate. Why?

Har. Papa was called out to see Farmer Hayfield after dinner, and Mr. Lawless, taking advantage of his absence, strolled down the avenue, at the end of which the farmer had left his horse and gig—what do you think he did?

Kate. What?

Har. He took a pail of whitewash, and painted the animal and vehicle all one color.

Enter BROMLEY and BLUSHINGTON. C. D. L. H.

Har. My dear Mr. Blushington, I'm so happy you have arrived.

Mr. B. Really, Peter, your friend's jokes are rather too good.

Blu. But perfectly innocent on my honor—I'm confident he would not introduce discord into any family, he so much respects—
(*A scream is heard outside—C. D. R. H.—all move over L.*)

Omn. What's the matter.

Enter MAID SERVANT C. D. R. H.

Ser. Oh please Ma'am—here's the stranger gentleman a kissing the cook—here he comes (*she runs off R.—they retire up—Enter HARRY LAWLES, (C. D. L. H.)—he rushes after her and jumps on table (R. C.)*)

Law. Hollo! come here, see if ever I kiss you again that's all—what a devilish well-turned ancle she has (*takes out a glass eyeing her*)

(Miss P. PRUDE advances and taps him on the foot with her fan.) Ah! old deadly night-shade how dy'e do [*sees the rest he jumps down—aside*] I'm rather awkwardly situated—hem! I must brazen it out [*aloud*] ha! ha! foolish girl, I only just wanted to—ah! hum just—

Kate. Ha! ha! ha!—oh was that all?

Law. Nothing more on my honor, its only a peculiarty I've got.

Mr. B. Because we do not like to interfere with any little diversion you may be pursuing.

Kate. Oh no, certainly not, pursue your little diversion sir, or she'll be out of sight.

Blu. Harry! Harry!

Miss P. [*Advancing*] Mr. Lawless will have the kindness to express any wish he may have, and it shall be gratified without troubling himself to address the under servants. [*they retire up, all but Lawless and Blushington.*]

Blu. [*Aside*] Do you hear?

Law. [*Aside*] I do, I'll make her ring up the pretty house-maid, I want a kiss instanter.

Blu. (*Aside*) Harry, for heaven's sake, keep quiet.

Law. (*Aside*) Which you know I cannot do—stay, Peter, I had forgotten to tell you, I have discovered my unknown, my brown satin shoe.

Blu. Where?

Law. In the lovely daughter of Old Bromley.

Blu. [*Aside*] Should it be Harriet.

Law. Now you know I promised to make love for you on commission.

Blu. Thank 'ye. But now you can make it for yourself.

Law. I'll knock them both off at the same time then, not a word,—which is your flame—first come, first served. I'll propose for you—only manage to leave me alone with her.

Blu. [*Aside.*] Not for worlds.

Mr. B. [*Coming forward, L. H.*] Well, Peter, we are going to drive over to the rectory this evening, to see our new parish school, will you join us?

Blu. With pleasure.

Mr. B. (*Crosses to C.*) And Mr. Lawless.

Law. No, thank you. Governor, I'm not fond of charity boys.

Miss P. Where, sir, is your benevolence? (*Next to Law, R. C.*)

Law. In the fore part of the *os frontis*,—see Gall and Spurtzheim.

Miss P. Is it not gratifying to contemplate the infant generation blooming into knowledge.

Law. Charity boys bring up associations of bony-face, goggle-eyes, slit of the mouth, stubby hair, mince-pie-cap—sir, I've no peculiarity that way.

Blu. [*Aside*] To prevent Harry from carrying out his threat I'll

make Harriet go with us--what a fool I should appear to her. [*aloud*]
You accompany us Harriet of course?

Har. Certainly. Excuse me while I dress then, I shall be with you in a moment. Come aunt.

(*Exit HARRIET and MISS PRUDE, l. e. r. h.*)

Blu. Kate, will you remain and keep my friend out of mischief?

Kate. If he will promise strict obedience?

Law. [*Aside*] He has asked her to remain, can it be? It is--she is his love--what a situation have I got into!

Kate. I'll--a--keep him out of mischief till you return.

Mr. B. This way Peter. Harriet will join us on the lawn.

[*Exeunt BLUSHINGTON and Mr. BROMLEY c. d. l. h.*]

[*Kate goes up.*]

Law. What's to be done? Here I am, left alone with the woman I adore, to make love for another man. Blushington has trusted to my honor--shall I betray him? Never!--I will plead his cause; if the verdict goes against plaintiff, I'll file a declaration on my own account. No time is to be lost--I must enter the action at once. Oh, that my first brief should be in a court of love! I'll plead for Peter as if it were for myself--ahem--[*aloud*]*—Miss Bromley.*

Kate. [*Comes down l.*] Mister Harry Lawless.

Law. Ahem—

Kate. I agree with you perfectly.

Law. Ah—a—

Kate. Precisely.

Law. [*aside.*] It is the most awkward position I ever felt myself in. Will you favor me with a few minutes conversation?

[*LAWLESS places chairs.*]

Kate. A few hours, if you like.

Law. Miss—Madam—that is—[*aside*]*—Hang me if I can do it.*

[*Aloud.*] I scarcely know how to begin.

Kate. Take your time, sir, I'm not at all in a hurry.

Law. It may appear impertinent--obtrusive--uncalled for--assuming and personal on my part to address a lady who may be termed in the cold--cant--starched--frigid phrase of every day society: a passing acquaintance--in the subject I am about to broach--but should my disclosure be considered premature or unnecessarily impertinent--ascribe it solely to the unbridled course--a pure will to—to—

Kate. (*Aside.*) What on earth will this preamble lead to.

Law. Though you may consider the knowledge I have of you as trivial, it is ardently cherished by me.

Kate. [*Aside.*] 'Pon my life I do believe he is going to say he's in love with me.

Law. You must be aware that you have been the object of a fond affection for three years.

Kate. I!

Law. You!

Kate. Three years!

Law. Every hour of them.

[*Pulls out his watch.*]

Kate. Why was I not made aware of it?

Law. Invincible modesty—but have the various little devotions been offered up in vain. [*Aside.*] I can't help hoping that they have. Let me see what comes next. Oh, I must kneel I suppose.

[*Slips away the chair.*]

Kate. [*Aside.*] He's going down on his knees!

Law. [*Kneels.*] My adored Kate—that is, *his* adored Kate.

Kate. [*Aside.*] What ought I to do—faint, I think.

Law. Oh! if Blushington only knew how splendidly he is getting on here—see what it is to have an eloquent counsel—[*taking her hand*]—Ah—I must kiss it I suppose—[*kisses it*]—Oh! [*kissing it again*]—my own love—no—that is—*his* own love.

Kate. Mr. Lawless, if I understand you, you mean—

Law. Precisely,—I do.

Kate. This sudden, unexpected—[*Turning away her face.*]

Law. But not the less welcome, I hope—may I, Kate? Speak, my angel! [*Aside.*] I'm at it again! [*Aloud.*] believe me, dearest girl, though dumb till now with speechless adoration, 'twas not from lack of love; no, it was from excess, that choked its utterance! [*Seizes her hand.*] Let me thus imprint upon this lily leaf, the seal of—[*Aside.*]—Damme, I forgot! I'm making love on my own account here! Spare him one word! [*She sinks into his arms.*] Well, exactly; that is a better idea, and much more expressive—that speaks a dictionary.

Kate. Am I too bold?

Law. Not in the least my dear. [*Aside.*] She is in my arms, and I am wretched!

Kate. Under my apparent levity I hid the deepest sensibilities.

Law. You did, I know it!

Kate. You think me too affectionate?

Law. Not a bit; give free course to your feelings! [*Aside.*] She certainly is more affectionate than what I expected. [*Aloud.*] May I inform the—

Kate. I know what you mean—yes!

[*Rises.*]

Law. The happy day will be—

Kate. My dear Harry!—

Law. [*Aside.*] Hallo!—what will I do now?

Kate. You will always love me?

Law. [*Aside.*] Whew! the murder's out! It's me she's in love with.

Kate. You are silent.

Law. I am, dear; it's the contending sensibilities aroused.

Kate. By my questions?

Law. Precisely.

Kate. Do you hesitate?

Law. Hesitate! I never hesitated in all my life—it is not in my nature. What am I to do!

Kate. Don't you remember what you said?

Law. 'Pon my soul I don't! What was it?

Kate. You said you loved me.

Law. And who dares to say I don't? Show me the man, and—

Kate. Oh!

Law. Eh, dear!

Kate. Pray let me retire and compose myself.

Law. I'll go and be composed, too.

Kate. Only for a few moments. [*Aside.*] Now I'll go and have a good cry! (*Exit, R. H. L. E.*)

Law. How she loves me! Angelic, delightful creature! But what will Blush say when he knows it all? He should have provided against such a contingency. She couldn't help it, of course not! She's susceptible and—ahem!—discriminating; it's her nature! Well, I'm damn'd insinuating; I can't help that,—it's my peculiarity; in fact, we both can't help it.

Enter BLUSHINGTON, C. D. L. H. and comes down L.

Blu. Where is Harriet?

Law. I thought you were gone to the charity boys.

Blu. No, the rector has just called, as we were about to start.

Law. [R] Peter!—[solemnly]—take a seat. [*They sit.*]

Blu. Well!

Law. Is it? You will think otherwise, presently.

Blu. What's to do now?

Law. Nothing—it's all done!

Blu. Who?

Law. You! Now my dear boy, I am sure you will exonerate me from any purposed evil intentions toward you;—I was quite unaware of the existence of feelings of this nature, for I am the last chap in the world to nourish——

Blu. What mischief are you driving at?

Law. To nourish sensibilities the growth of which could only be estimated by an inverse ratio of your happiness!

Blu. You are getting mathematical!

Law. Wait, and you'll be getting miserable! I have proposed for you.

Blu. The devil you have!—you have lost no time.

Law. Yes, but you have lost your mistress!

Blu. How?

Law. Oh, very easily;—you must hedge.

Blu. Hedge!

Law. Carefully. She thought my advocacy of your cause so excellent, that she nonsuited Peter Blushington, the plaintiff, and the cause fell into the arms of the counsel for ditto!

Blu. How?

Law. Indiscriminately. What could I do? You would not have me repel her adoration?

Blu. Why, you don't mean to say——

Law. Yes, I do!

Blu. What! that Miss Bromley threw herself into your arms?

Law. So it struck me.

Blu. What, without any provocation on your part?

Law. Pardon me!—(*pulling up his collar,*)—personal appearance!

Blu. And you, sir—you abetted her?

Law. No, I didn't I kissed her!

Blu. You did?

Law. I did ; it's a peculiarity I've got.

Blu. I'm overwhelmed with wonder.

Law. Not more than I was, I assure you. I pleaded for you with all my heart. You wouldn't marry the woman that is in love with me.

Blu. (*Rising*) Mr. Lawless, this breach of every manly and honorable feeling, to which you plead guilty with such insensible and hardened *nonchalance*, can only be answered through the medium of some mutual friend, sir.

Law. Fire away ! I'm the mutual friend.

Blu. Fire away ! Lawless, this language is disgusting. Not content with betraying your friend in the most tender point, you descend from the name of gentleman, sir, when you introduce your unfeeling levity of language to combat his direct accusations. What can you expect from me after this conduct ?

Law. Expect ? Christian fortitude and pious resignation ! Look at me ;—see how cool I am ! Remark the placid philosophy with which I bear your misfortunes ! With the stern bent of a Brutus—the spirit of a Damon—I have determined to sacrifice myself on the altar of devoted friendship ! Say no more ; (*rising.*) I feel for your situation ; I'll give up her fortune to you, whatever it is, and you shall have the other sister into the bargain. I'll marry her for your sake !—there, send that down to your posterity for fact, and if they're not astonished, damme !

Blu. You shall not marry her !

Law. There's ingratitude !—there ! who talks of unfeeling levity now ? Well, if that's my thanks, I'll pocket my magnanimity after that !

Blu. Do you mean this for badinage, sir ? Otherwise let me assure you that I consider it insulting, and request, —nay, demand an apology.

Law. (*Looking at him with surprise.*) Ah, poor fellow !—(*crosses to L.*) —I was too sudden with my information ;—distrained his attics ! Adieu, Peter !

Blu. Stay, sir !

Law. Hush ! I'll send the servants ; quiet will do you good, believe me it will.

Blu. I insist——

Law. Ah ! I'll order two grains of opium, ditto Dover's powder in some milk.

Blu. Lawless !——

Law. Compose yourself ; get to sleep, do, and I'll see you in the morning.

(*Exit pitifully.* L. E. L. H.)

Blu. I scarcely know which most to reprobate ; the unfeeling railery of that brainless idiot, or the shameless coquetry of that perfidious girl ! she knew I loved her—she must have known. I see it all ; wearied by my ridiculous silence—the *mauvais honte* which I find it impossible to shake off, has laid her heart open to the insidious arts of that unfeeling wretch !

Enter HARRIET, R. H. L. E.

Har. We are ready to go now, Peter.

Blu. Pardon me, madam ; I fear that it will be out of my power to accompany you.

Har. How so ?

Blu. I am about to start for London instantly.

Har. What has happened ?

Blu. Can you ask me ?

Har. Good gracious ! anything dreadful ?

Blu. Overwhelming to me, madam, though indifferent, it seems, to you.

Har. Is your bank broke ?

Blu. My bank ! No, madam ! my heart has broke, after lavishing its purse of feelings on a desperate object, you—

Har. What have I done ?

Blu. Have you not in the most marked manner encouraged my addresses ?

Har. Well ?

Blu. And but now, were you not in the arms of one who is to you a comparative stranger ? Do you not for him reject the heart that still adores you — which, though it breaks upon the word, now bids you farewell for ever !

(*Exit, C. D. L. H.*)

Har. Blushington ! Peter ! I beseech — my brain's bewildered ! Oh, here comes Mr. Lawless ; he perhaps, can clear away this mystery ! (*Enter LAWLESS, with a letter, L. H. 1 E.*) My dear sir, can you tell me what has happened ?

Law. I cannot, at present.

Har. Mr. Blush—

Law. Oh, you've seen him, then.

Har. He suddenly upbraided me with I know not what, and dashed out of the room !

Law. Ah, he's very mad—further gone than I thought he was !

Har. Where is he gone, did you say ?—where shall we find him ?

Law. You never bet, I suppose ?

Har. Bet, sir ?

Law. Oh, nothing ; only if you did, I'd give long odds you find him at the bottom of the nearest horse pond.

Har. Sir !

Law. Or ordering the largest washing-tub on the premises, for a series of hydraulic experiments !

Mar. Can it be possible ?

Law. Certainly, I'll hold you two to one I drown myself in a washing basin, for you see anything which is sufficiently capacious to exclude the atmospheric air by the introduction of an aqueous fluid causes a suspension of the animal functions (*Exit HARRIET, R. H. 1 E.*) *in toto*, because—hollo ! she's off. (*Enter NIBBS, L. H. 1 E.*) I say you, sir, come here, deliver this letter with all speed. (*NIBBS retires up*) I begin to thaw towards Blushington. That letter to Kate will clinch the affairs in that quarter—it is to ask her to elope with me at once—to save time and trouble I'll rescue the maniac. (*Exit, L. H. 1 E.*)

Nib. Hollo ! sir ! sir ! who's the letter for ?—you forgot—

Squ. (*coming from C. D.*) Here's a lark !

Nib. Yes, I think it is why here's your master given me a letter to deliver with stopping to say who to.

Squ. Look at the direction old greens.

Nib. Look yourself young brocoli.

Squ. Why there aint none.

Nib. What's to be done?

Squ. Give it the first as comes, he'll open it, see who it is for, and forward it accordingly. (*Enter MISS PENELOPE PRUDE, R. H. 1 E.*) There's a beautiful direction.

Nib. Please ma'am here's a letter for you.

Miss P. From whom?

Nib. Mr. Lawless, ma'am.

Miss P. (*Opens it and reads.*) "My own dear love;" oh, give me a chair. (*Staggers back, SQUIB catches her. NIBBS brings chair.*)

Squ. A chair, quick: make haste old fellow, my sitiuation aint no sinyqueer. (*seats her*) She'd make fifteen stone seven kick the beam.

Miss P. I was quite overcome.

Squ. So was I werry near.

Miss P. Leave the room.

Squ. Consider it hewackivated, mum.

(*She puts on her spectacles—NIBBS and SQUIB look over her shoudlers.*)

"My own dear Love,—You will be surprised at the tenor of this letter, but a late conversation with BLUSHINGTON renders it imperative. He asserts that you are in love with him." (Oh, what an infamous wretch!) "But I do not believe it." (No, I should think not indeed.) "You cannot doubt my love, my unalterable devoted attachment—may I rely on yours. I forgot to ask you how you would like our little affair to come off, an elopement is effective but very expensive, and I'm quite cleaned out at present—(quite cleaned out.) Its a peculiarity I have had since the last Derby, so will you speak to the squire and beseech him to accede to the prayers of your fond"

"HARRY LAWLESS."

Squ. Oh! (*whispering*) She's hewaporating off again.

Nib. I shan't stop.

Squ. I shall—(*aloud*)—beg pardon, ma'am.

Miss P. (*screaming*) Oh! I thought you were gone.

Squ. Did you now, ma'am? No, I was vaiting permiscusly about like.

Miss P. I'm sure I didn't see you.

Squ. 'Taint natural as you should, cos your heyes isn't in the nape of your neck, but pleasantly sitiuated in their husual occupation.

Miss P. What do you want?

Squ. Any answer mum?

Miss P. No.

Squ. Oh, any little curiosity about your person mum, jest to convince him as you got it.

Miss P. What shall I send?

Squ. I have change for a sovereign.

Miss P. Oh, I understand—there's a sovereign, give me nineteen shillings and sixpence young man.

Squ. I'll procure that ere balance. (*aside*) There's principles for an old lady.

Miss P. I will go and consult my dear brother on this point, I was convinced something would turn up at last and it has.

Exit, C. D. L. H

Squ. My guv'ner never intended this ere letter for Miss Penny-loaf Proud—here will be a shindy in two minutes, and I must see the fun somehow.

Nib. Ah, but how?

Squ. Let's see now.

Nib. Make haste, here comes Mr. Bromley and my master.

Squ. Here, you get behind the fire board.

(*NIBBS creeps into the fire place, 2 E. R. H.—SQUIB puts up the board before him—looks off—and gets under sofa, L. C.*)

Enter BROMLEY and BLUSHINGTON, C. D. R. H.

Bro. (L. H.) But my dear sir, so sudden a departure, what is the cause?

Blu. (R. H.) Don't ask me, Mr. Bromley.

Bro. I must! I shall! I will!

Blu. Well if I must be—you are aware that I have long been deeply attached to your eldest daughter.

Bro. I have suspected as much.

Blu. Well, sir, my infernal bashfulness prevented me from openly avowing my passion and addressing the lady, when Mr. Lawless undertook to—

Bro. To make love for you.

Blu. Precisely; and I find that the object of my adoration has been made the victim of his insidious arts, and, in fine, is deeply in love with him.

Bro. What! what, sir!—I say she shan't be in love with him.

Blu. Now are you surprised at my determination?

Bro. She shan't have him.

Bro. Excuse me, Mr. Bromley, I see Kate coming—permit me to retire. *Exit, R. H. 1 E.*

Enter KATE, L. H. 1 E.

Kate. My dear father; you will be surprised at the subject I'm about to broach.

Bro. Proceed.

Kate. To cut a long story short, that, Mr. Lawless has proposed to me.

Bro. What! the devil! he hasn't been making love to both of my daughters.

Kate. I love him, father, please may I have him?

Enter MISS P. PRUDE, C. D. L. H., with a letter.

Miss P. Oh, brother, I have found you at last, read that and spare my blushes.

Bro. I can't, I won't, I'm blind with rage, what is it about?

Miss P. Mr. Lawless lays his hand and fortune at my feet.

Bro. Damn me if the fellow doesn't want to marry my whole family—I'm a magistrate, (*crosses to R. and back*) I'll take him up for wilful intent at trigamy. (*Enter LAWLESS, L. H.*) Oh, here's the culprit—now, sir, how would you look if I was to commit you for trial?

Law. Why, confound me, if Blushington hasn't bitten the old gentleman.

Bro. Look ye, sir, you did me the honor to invite yourself into

my house, you insult my tenants, you play the devil with my housemaids, and you throw the whole of my family into confusion, particularly the female portion of it, and what apology do you make?

Law. It's a peculiarity I have got.

Bro. Then, sir, the sooner you and your peculiarities are transplanted to their proper soil, new Bedlam, the better for society.

Miss P. (comes down, R. H.) Bedlam or Botany Bay I care not, his home shall be my home—his couch my couch, (crosses to L. and rushes up to him)

Law. (running away) Hollo! by jove the old gentleman has bitten the old lady.

Kate What can this mean?

Enter BLUSHINGTON and HARRIET, R. H. 1 E.

Har. Mr. Lawless, pray did you ever offer me your hand, and did I ever accept it? I demand a candid reply.

Law. Never!

Miss P. Never! of course not, that bliss is mine.

Law. Is it?

Kate. No, mine. (comes down)

Mr. B. There is some mistake there.

Miss P. Base man, have you deceived me? (sits down on sofa, L. H.)

Law. I'll soon find it out. (calling off, L. H.) SQUIB!

Squ. (from underneath the sofa) Yes, sir. (lifts up the sofa, the end resting on his shoulders—MISS PRUDE screams out, and falls into BROMLEY'S arms—SQUIB overturns the sofa, and stands saluting—BROMLEY puts MISS PRUDE in an arm chair near the fire-place, R. H.)

Law. How the devil did you get here?

Squ. Thought you might want me — didn't like to intrude sir, here I am.

Law. How did this mistake occur?

Squ. My Nibbs, sir, delivered the letter wrong.

Blu. The Blundering rascal—where is he? Nibbs! Nibbs! (the fire screen tumbles down, and NIBBS appears covered with soot, R. H. 2 E., MISS PRUDE screams)

Law. Where's the letter I gave you for Miss Kate Bromley?

Nib. I gave it to Miss Prude.

Miss P. And you did not mean to offer me your hand and fortune.

Law. I never had a peculiarity that way.

Mr. B. Penny, you're a stupid old fool.

Miss P. Sam, you're a brute.

Blu. (to NIBBS) Leave the room, sir.

Law. (to SQUIB, who jumps up) Serve him as I did the horse and gig.

Squ. Shall be done, sir. (Exeunt SQUIB after NIBBS, L. H. 1 E.)

Blu. Give me your hand, Harry — forgive me, I have wronged you—Mr. Bromley, are we to kneel in vain?

Mr. B. You have loved my daughter?

Blu. For three years

Mr. B. Take her Blushington—take her boy—though I am giving one of my eyes away to you. (HARRIET and BLUSHINGTON go up)

Kate. (to LAWLESS) What shall we do?

Law. (to KATE) Get on the blind side of him.

Kate. (goes up to BROMLEY) Papa! (coaxingly) Papa!

Law. Mr. Brommy!

Mr. B. (aside) I'll hold out like the rock of Gibraltar!

Law. You see, I love your daughter.

Mr. B. Pooh, sir!—you have only known her for a few hours!

Law. Oh, pardon me—for a month! A brown satin shoe is positively stereotyped in my imagination! Will you give us leave to marry?

Mr. B. No!

Law. You obdurate old father! Lend me ten pounds to run away with her.

Mr. B. I'll see you hang'd first!

Law. Unreasonable old miser! Now, this is very absurd of you, for you see we have made up our minds!

Mr. B. And so have I!

Law. You refuse your consent?

Mr. B. I do!

Law. Once for all?

Mr. B. Yes!

Law. I'll give you another chance.

Mr. B. Everything is against you.

Law. I hope not—let me see. (looks through his glass at the audience) Have I not one friend here to second me.

Bro. No, I'll answer for it. (going forward)

Law. Ahem—I'll hold you two to one you lose.

Bro. Done—ahem—gentlemen.

Law. Ladies—aha! I had you there. You are all my especial peculiarities—ladies, this is an action brought by Samuel Bromley, plaintiff, against Harry Lawless, barrister-at-law, defendant, to recover the heart of one Miss Kate Bromley, which aforesaid heart, with its appurtenances, &c., the defendant doth hereby claim to be seized of. Kate, I have opened the case—do you address the tribunal.

Kate. Ahem. (imitating a barrister's manner) My luds.—The defendant has stated that my client has only been acquainted with Miss Kate Bromley for a few hours, surely my client must know his own feelings best. My luds, remember this is a very peculiar case: the lady at issue is my worthy client's first brief. You have but to decide whether he has well sustained the character of the LOVER BY PROXY, and I sit down with the fullest confidence in your judgement, that a verdict will be returned for my client.

My luds, on the bench and ladies of the jury, that is the plaintiffs case.

SITUATIONS.

KATE.

LAW.

MR. BROM.

HARRIET.

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(R. H.)

(L. H.)

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